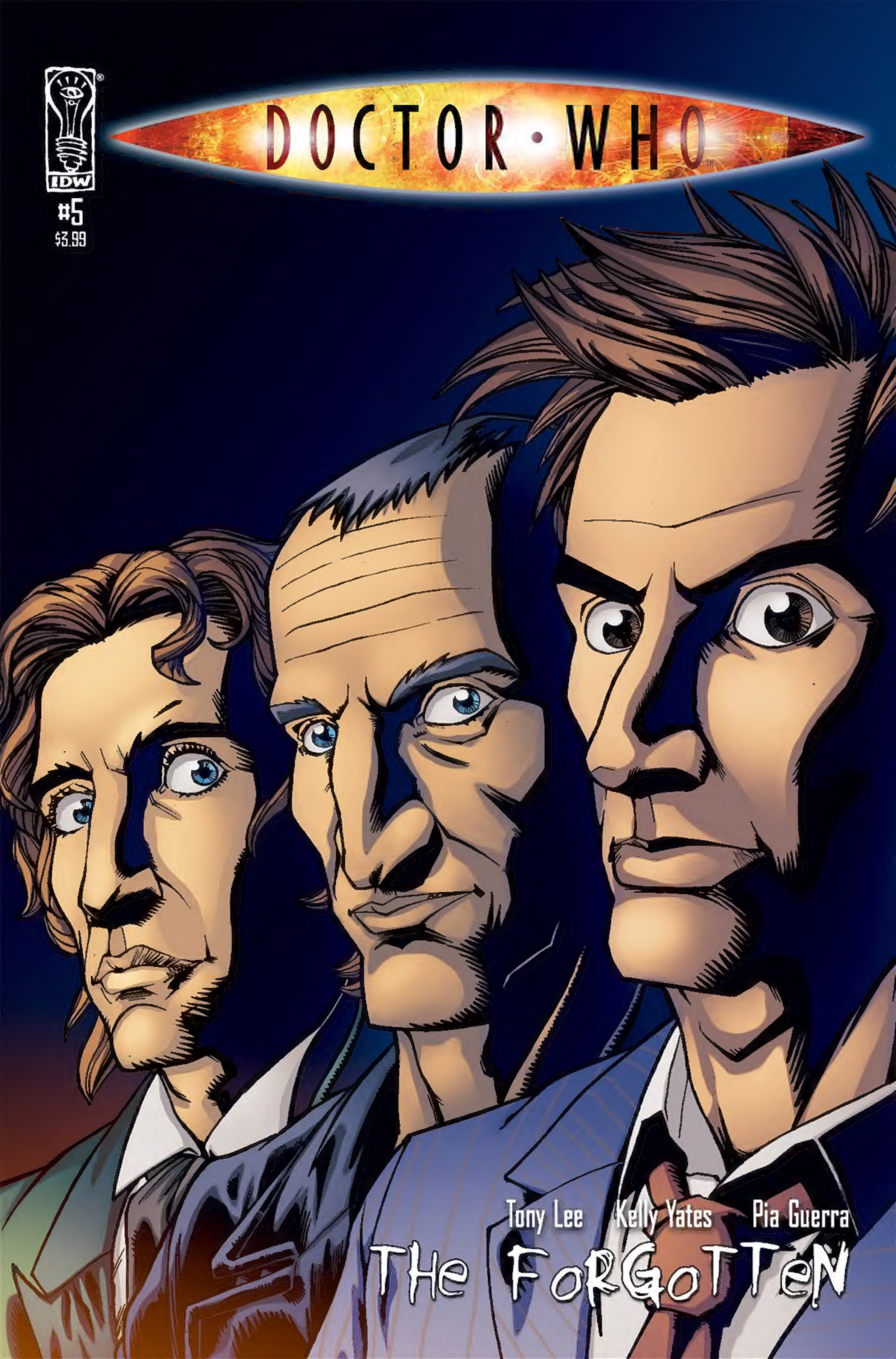
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DOCTOR • WHO
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THE FORGOTTEN

DOCTOR • WHO

THE FORGOTTEN

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Special thanks to Gary Russell and David Turbitt for their invaluable assistance.

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DONG
DONG
DONG
YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE CLOISTER BELL BEFORE, YET YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S FOR.
YOU SAY YOU'RE A DOCTOR, YET YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE A MEDICAL STUDENT.
THAT SAID, I REMEMBER YOU AS A DOCTOR, BUT YOU WORE A U.N.I.T. BADGE.
I REMEMBER DONNA NOBLE, BUT SHE'S NOT IN A WEDDING DRESS. I REMEMBER ROSE TYLER, BUT SHE'S NOT IN ANOTHER WORLD.
TELL ME, MARTHA JONES— EXACTLY WHAT IS GOING ON? WHY DO I FEEL I'VE FORGOTTEN MY FUTURE AS WELL AS MY PAST?

THE BELL– IT'S STOPPED!
THAT'S GOOD, RIGHT?
MAYBE NOT. DON'T CHANGE THE SUBJECT.
WHO OR WHAT ARE YOU?

FZAAASSH
DOWN!

OKAY, THAT'S SOMETHING THAT'LL CHANGE THE SUBJECT!
RUN!

FZAAASSH
THROW A CAN OF NITRO-9 AT THEM!
THROW ALL THE CANS OF NITRO-9 AT THEM!

JUST LIKE THAT ALTON THING, THEY'VE GONE. THEY DIDN'T FOLLOW US.
THEY'RE JUST DISTRACTING US, KEEPING US FROM DOING WHAT WE NEED TO DO.
AND WHAT IS THAT EXACTLY?
THIS PLACE, YOU AS YOU ARE HERE–YOU'RE WRONG.
AND THAT'S NOT A GOOD THING.

WHAT WAS IN THAT PHIAL YOU DRANK? YOU'RE A LOT PEPPIER SINCE DRINKING IT.
GALLIFREYAN RESTORATIVE. CURES NEARLY ALL AILMENTS. ONE DRINK IS AS REFRESHING AS A WEEK IN BARCELONA.
WELL, MAYBE A DAY.
WHEN IT'S NOT PEAK SEASON.
WELL, PERHAPS A WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON IN OCTOBER.

ANYWAY, THIS ISN'T DISTRACTING ME FROM THE PROBLEM AT HAND, MARTHA JONES–
–WHICH IS, IN FACT, WHETHER YOU ARE MARTHA JONES!
I KNOW, BUT I CAN'T EXPLAIN UNTIL YOU REMEMBER ALL YOUR REGENERATIONS! THERE'S ONLY THREE MORE MEMORIES TO REMEMBER.
PLEASE, JUST TRUST ME UNTIL THEN.

YOU MEAN TWO REGENERATIONS. ANYWAY...
...I REMEMBER THIS. OSCAR WILDE GAVE IT TO ME...
...SOMETHING ABOUT A THEATER OF MIDGET ASSASSINS...?
OH, COME ON! YOU SAID THAT ABOUT THE CANE THAT KUBLAI KHAN GAVE YOU!

YOU'RE RIGHT. I DID. BUT I NEVER TOLD YOU ABOUT KHAN, DID I?
WOULD YOU RATHER I TOLD YOU I FOUND THIS IN A SAN FRANCISCO MORGUE? ALTHOUGH I RECKON YOU KNEW THAT ALREADY, WHOEVER YOU ARE.
I–PLEASE. THERE ARE ONLY THR–TWO TO GO.
ALL RIGHT THEN.
I SPENT SO MUCH TIME ALONE–
–I HAD LOST SO MUCH...

DAY 21. TO MY KNOWLEDGE THE WAR CONTINUES, WHILE I BIDE MY TIME, WAITING FOR THE DAY THAT I CAN LEAVE THIS PLACE.

ABOVE ME THE SKIES TURN TO BLOOD AS STARSHIPS EXPLODE AND THOUSANDS DIE.

BUT THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO. AND SO I WAIT...

...A PRISONER IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

GOT YOU A NEW COMPANION, DOCTOR.

SHOULD MAKE YOU FEEL RIGHT AT HOME.

CHAN–DO NOT PUSH ME–TIR!

STEADY ON. LET ME HELP YOU UP.

NOTHING BROKEN?

CHAN–NOT THAT I CAN SEE, THANK YOU–TIR.

I'M THE DOCTOR. AND YOU ARE?

CHAN–MY NAME IS CHANTIR–TIR.

CHAN–ALTHOUGH NOT WITH THE EXTRA TIR AT THE END–TIR.

DAY 37. I START TO HAVE DOUBTS THAT THIS WAS A GOOD IDEA. THE DAYS DRAG ON ENDLESSLY WHILE I HEAR NOTHING OF THE OTHERS, OUT THERE, DYING.

CHAN—PAPER COVERS ROCK! I WIN AGAIN—TIR!

YOU DO INDEED—ALTHOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHY I WASN'T ALLOWED TO KEEP MY SUGGESTION TO "ROCK PAPER SCISSORS."

CHAN—BECAUSE "SONIC SCREWDRIVER" ALWAYS WINS—TIR!

DID YOU HEAR THAT? IT SOUNDS LIKE A TRANSPORT.

IT MIGHT HAVE FINALLY ARRIVED!

CHAN—IS IT WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR—TIR?

CHAN—THE KEY—TIR?

ABOUT TIME, TOO!

IT IS, MY DEAR CHANTIR. ALTHOUGH TO GET TO IT WE HAVE TO ESCAPE!

CHAN—ESCAPE FROM HERE? BUT THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE—TIR!

YOU'D THINK SO, BUT IN ESSENCE IT'S INCREDIBLY SIMPLE, REALLY.

JUST MISDIRECTION AND PERSUASION.

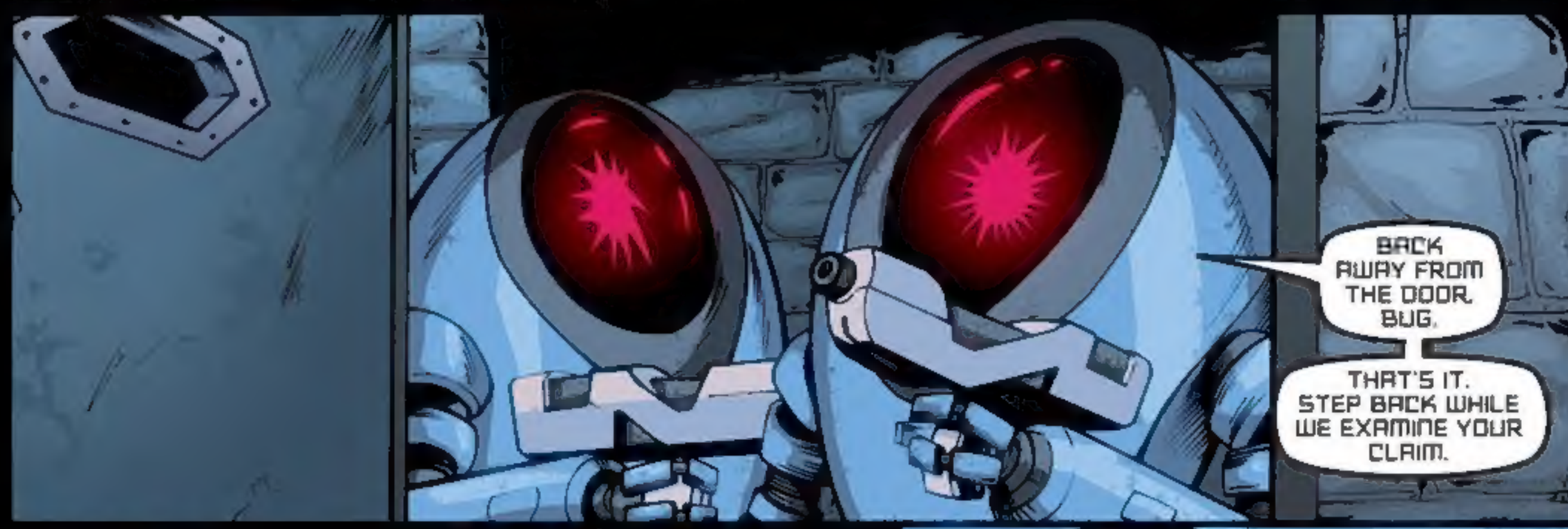
CHAN—PERSUASION—TIR?

I ONCE CONVINCED MY MOST HATED ENEMY THAT I WAS HALF-HUMAN WITH NOTHING MORE THAN A WIDE-EYED EXPRESSION, A COUPLE OF WORDS, AND A HALF-BROKEN CHAMELEON ARCH.

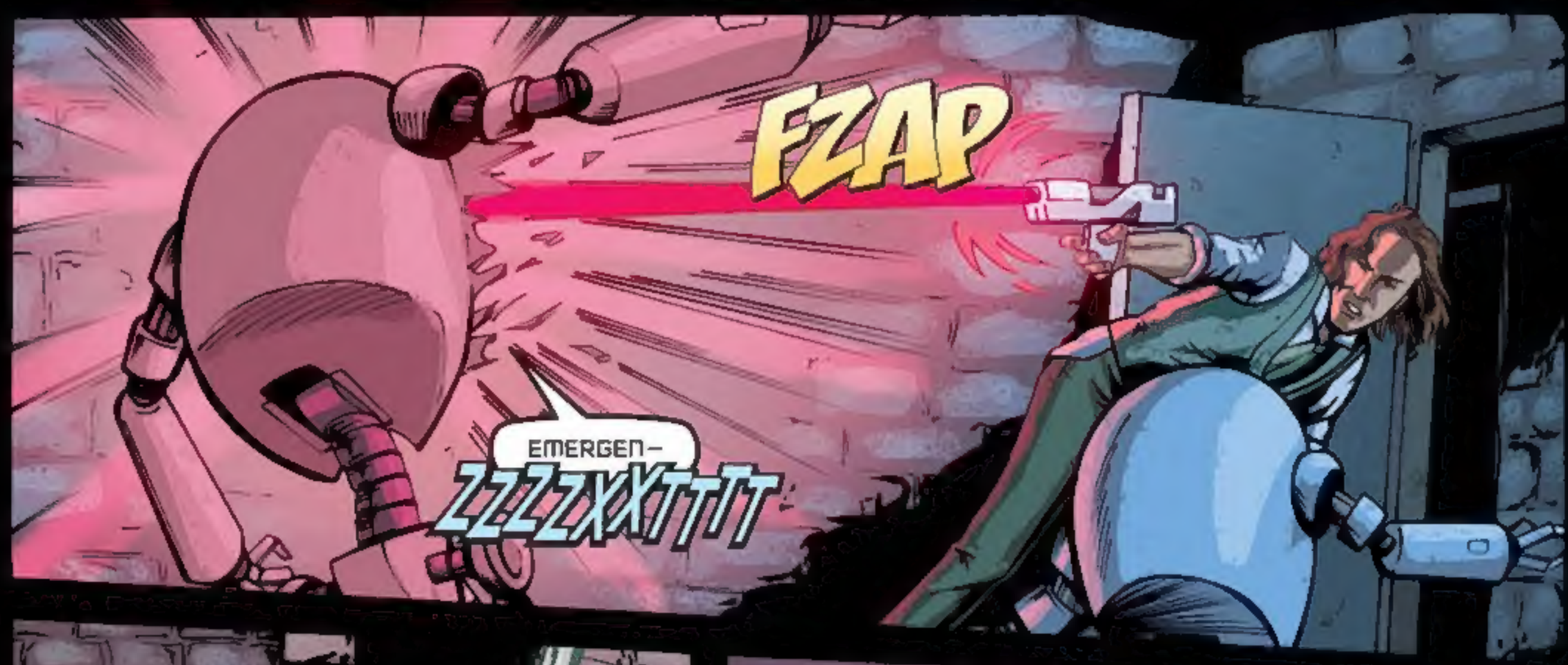
COMPARED TO THAT, THIS'LL BE A DOODLE.

I LEARNED FROM A TIBETAN MONK HOW TO SLOW MY HEARTBEAT. TO THE UNTRAINED EYE...
...IT'LL LOOK LIKE I'M DEAD. NOW, CALL A GUARD.

CHAN- GUARDS! PLEASE HELP- TIR!
CHAN- I BELIEVE THAT HE IS DEAD- TIR!


BACK AWAY FROM THE DOOR, BUG.
THAT'S IT. STEP BACK WHILE WE EXAMINE YOUR CLAIM.

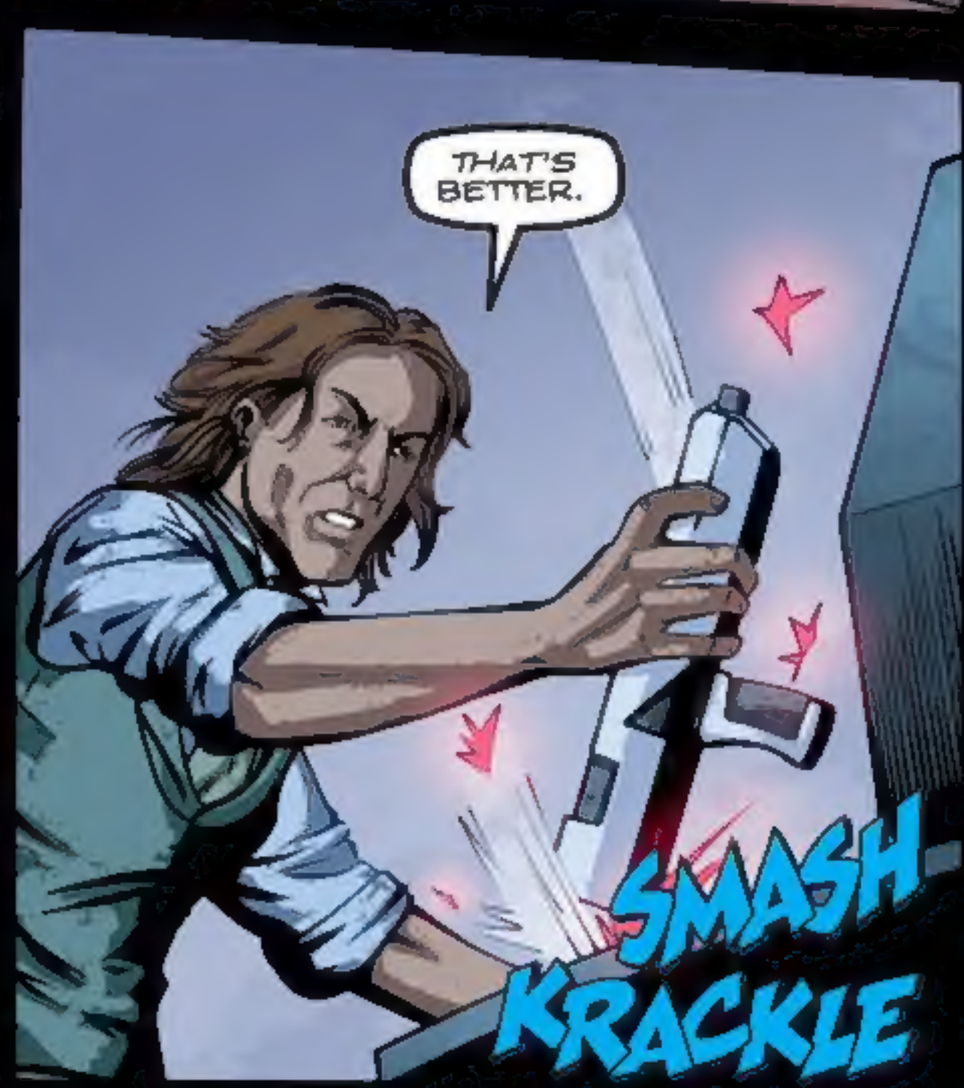
NO LIFE SIGNS.
THE TIME LORD IS DEAD. DISPOSAL ORDERS?
TAKE IT TO THE FURNACE.
ENJOY YOUR PRIVACY, BUG. WE'LL FIND YOU A NEW INMATE SOON ENOUGH.


FZAP
EMERGEN–
ZZZZXXTTTT

TRICKERY! SOUND THE ALARM!

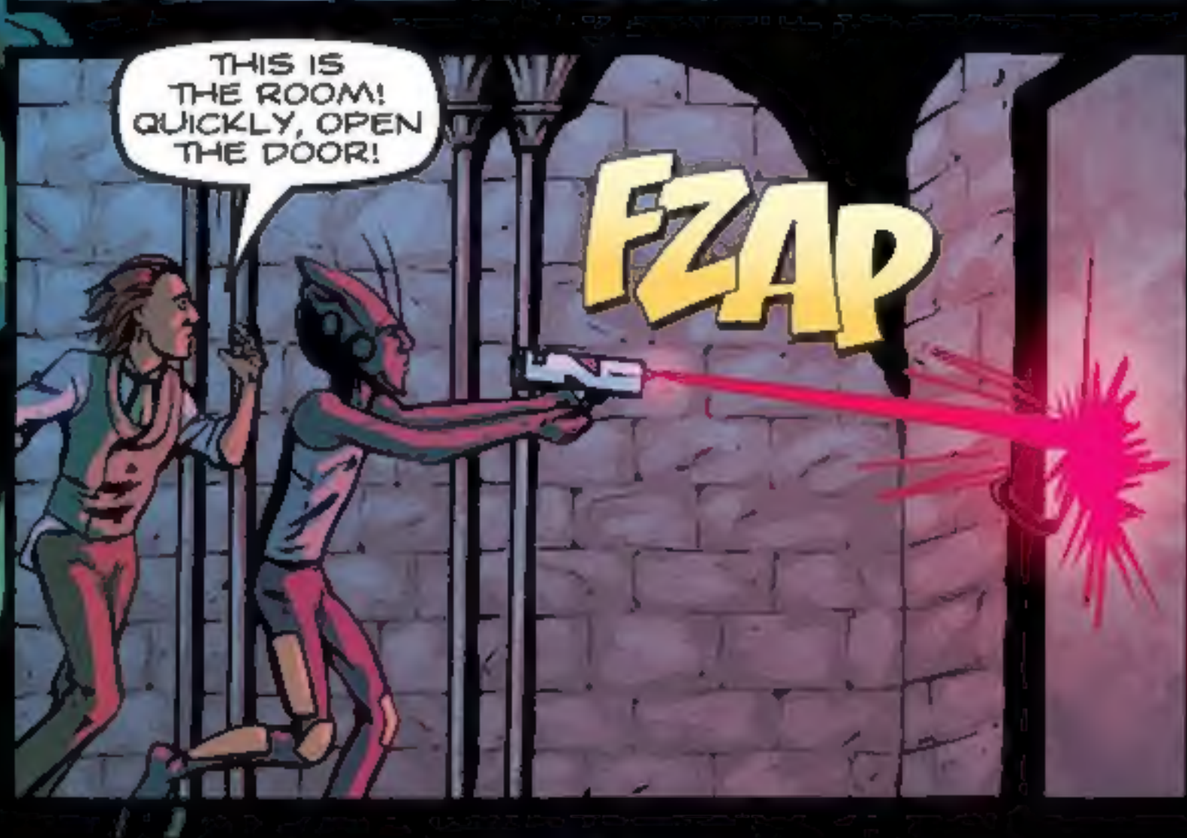
SOUND THE–
FFFZZZTTTT!
FZAP
GOOD WORK, CHANTIR. HERE, TAKE THIS GUN–NEVER COULD STAND THE THINGS.
CHAN– BUT CHANTIR ALREADY HAVE A GUN–TIR!
AND NOW YOU'LL HAVE TWO. COME ON, TIME TO LEAVE!

ACTUALLY, FORGET THAT– CAN I BORROW THAT GUN BACK AGAIN?


THAT'S BETTER.
SMASH
KRACKLE

FREEDOM!

CHAN—COME, DOCTOR! THIS WAY—TIR!
SORRY, CHANTIR, BUT I'VE WAITED OVER A MONTH FOR THIS MOMENT—I HAVE TO GO THIS WAY.
THERE'S AN ITEM THAT'S ARRIVED, AND I NEED IT.


THIS IS THE ROOM! QUICKLY, OPEN THE DOOR!
FZAP

THERE YOU ARE. THE GREAT KEY OF RASSILON.
THIS IS PART OF A WEAPON CALLED THE DE-MAT GUN, YOU KNOW—SO POWERFUL IT CAN REMOVE SOMETHING COMPLETELY FROM TIME AND SPACE.

CHAN—THAT SOUNDS TERRIBLE—TIR!
CHAN—WHY WOULD YOU WANT SUCH A WEAPON—TIR?
OH, THIS ALONE ISN'T A WEAPON, CHANTIR—THIS IS JUST A KEY.
A VERY POWERFUL KEY, HOWEVER. AND ONE I HOPE NOT TO NEED TO USE.

AH. THAT'S NOT GOOD.

WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT OUT THROUGH THE *WINDOW* THEN, IF THE CORRIDOR'S BLOCKED.

CHAN–BUT, DOCTOR, WE ARE SEVERAL FLOORS UP–TIR!

CHAN–HOW DO WE ESCAPE? FLY–TIR?

NO. ACTUALLY, WE *SLIDE*.

THERE'S A POWER LINE THAT GOES FROM ABOVE THIS WINDOW DOWN TO THE TREES JUST PAST THE RIVER.

SOUNDS LIKE *FUN!*

CHAN–THIS DOES *NOT* SOUND LIKE FUN–TIR.

CHAN–THIS SOUNDS LIKE *SUICIDE*–TIR.

YOU JUST HAVE NO SENSE OF ADVENTURE. I ONCE DID THIS OVER A LAKE OF FIRE– *BLINDFOLDED!*

CHAN–I WOULD *LIKE* A BLINDFOLD, PLEASE–TIR!

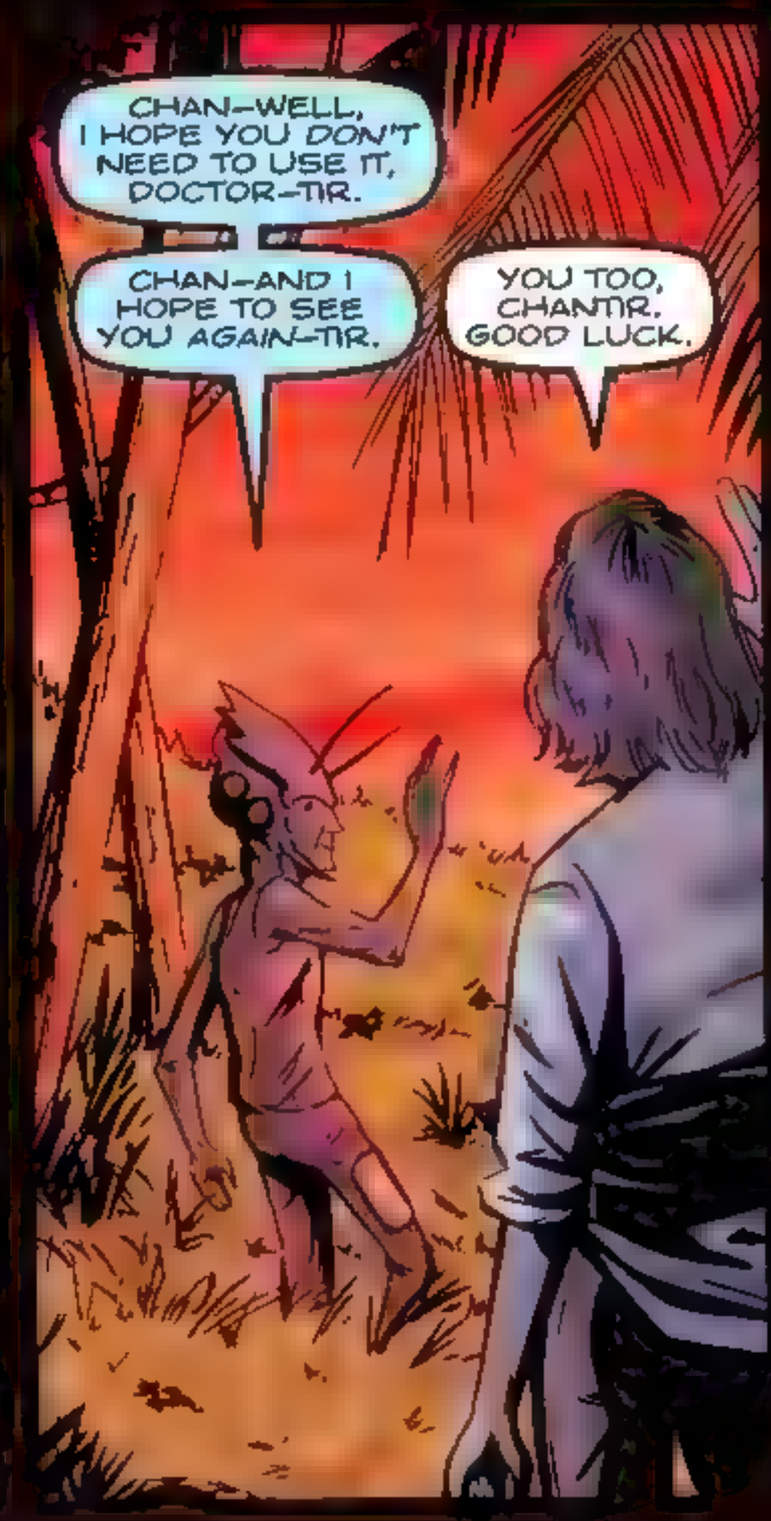
SWOOSH

SNAP

WE MADE IT!
TUMBLE

MY TARDIS IS HIDDEN ABOUT A HALF A MILE THIS WAY. I CAN TAKE YOU ANYWHERE YOU WANT.
CHAN—THAT IS NOT NEEDED—TIR.
CHAN—I THANK YOU—BUT MY CREW IS STILL HERE, AS IS OUR SHIP. I MUST GO TO THEM—TIR.
THEN GOOD LUCK, MY FRIEND.
CHAN—THIS KEY—WILL IT BECOME ANOTHER DE-MAT GUN—TIR?
CHAN—A WEAPON OF DESTRUCTION—TIR?

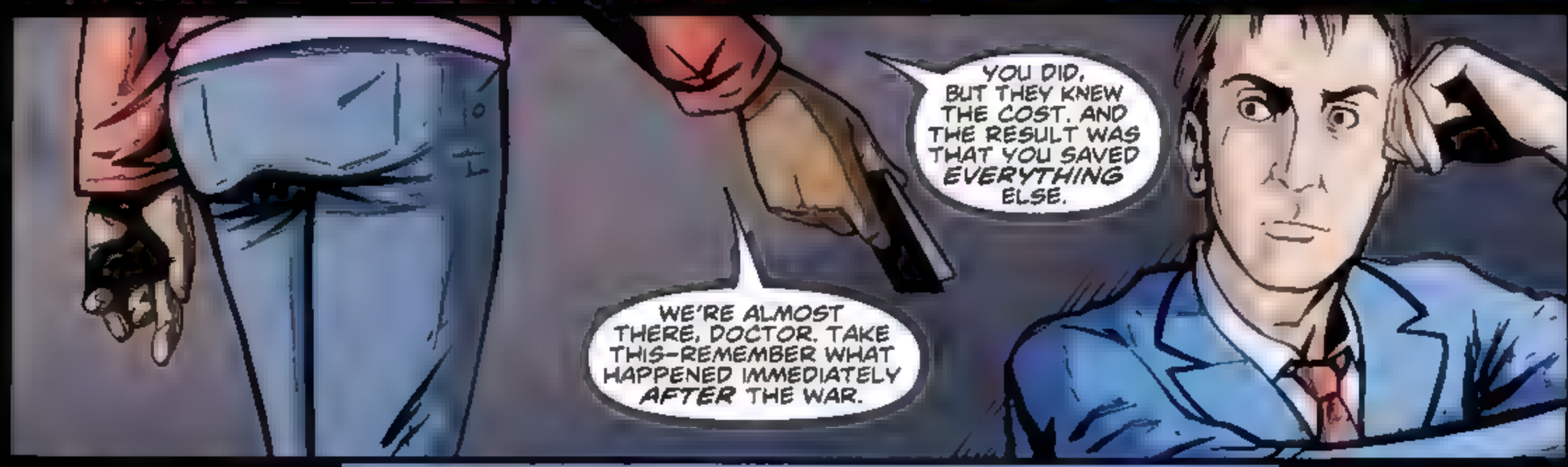
YES. BUT NOT AS SMALL AS A GUN.
THE DE-MAT GUN REMOVES PEOPLE FROM TIME AND SPACE—ONE AT A TIME. I MAY NEED TO CREATE SOMETHING THAT REMOVES MILLIONS FROM TIME AND SPACE—AT ONCE.
THIS KEY WILL LOCK THE MEDUSA CASCADE FOREVER—IF WE NEED TO.


CHAN—WELL, I HOPE YOU DON'T NEED TO USE IT, DOCTOR—TIR.
CHAN—AND I HOPE TO SEE YOU AGAIN—TIR.
YOU TOO, CHANTIR. GOOD LUCK.

"I NEVER REMEMBERED HIM, OF COURSE. THE GREAT KEY HAS A HABIT OF WIPING CERTAIN MEMORIES WHEN USED."
"HAPPENED THE FIRST TIME I USED A DE-MAT GUN AS WELL. AS FAR AS I COULD REMEMBER, I'D BEEN ALONE IN THAT CELL."

WERE YOU ALWAYS ALONE? WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
THERE WERE COMPANIONS, BRIEF ONES, BUT I STARTED AND ENDED THIS REGENERATION ALONE.
WHAT HAPPENED TO ME? THAT'S SIMPLE.

THE TIME WAR HAPPENED.
I SAW ARCADIA DESTROYED.
I LAUGHED IN THE FACE OF THE NIGHTMARE CHILD.
AND I SAW GALLIFREY SACRIFICED, BURNED WHEN THE CRUCIFORM FELL.
I TURNED THE KEY IN THE LOCK. I DOOMED THEM ALL.

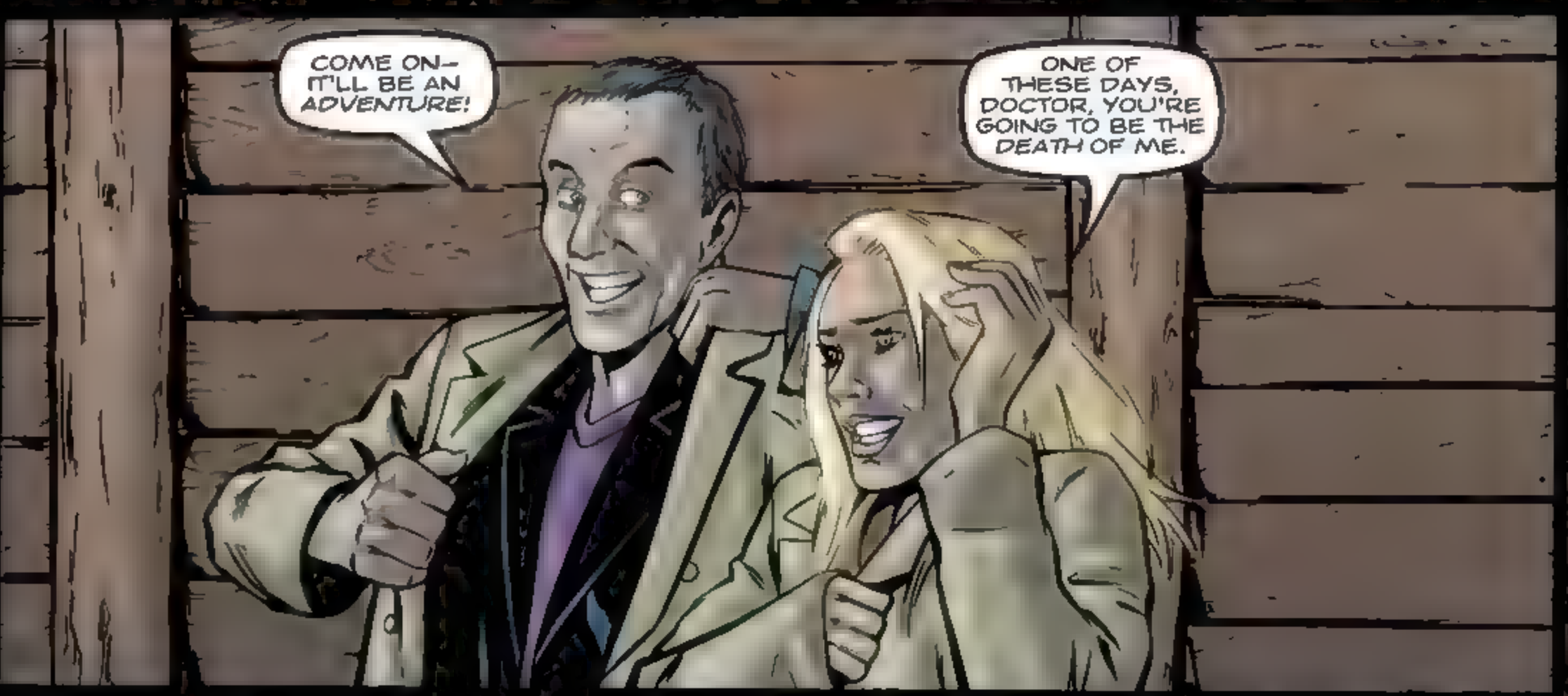

YOU DID, BUT THEY KNEW THE COST. AND THE RESULT WAS THAT YOU SAVED EVERYTHING ELSE.
WE'RE ALMOST THERE, DOCTOR. TAKE THIS—REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE WAR.

REMEMBER ROSE.
PSYCHIC PAPER. THE BEST INVENTION IN THE WORLD. DID YOU KNOW, I SPENT MORE TIME IN CELLS AND BRIGS THAN I DID SAVING THE UNIVERSE BEFORE I FOUND THIS?
WHAT THE—?
EVERYTHING IS NOT AS IT SEEMS.
LIKE I HADN'T WORKED THAT OUT.

FREE
NOW CALL ME A LIAR...
...BUT THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE POWELL ESTATE!

I DUNNO. IT LOOKS A LITTLE BIT LIKE IT.
WE'RE IN FRANCE. CHRISTMAS DAY, 1914. THE TRENCHES OF THE 11TH BATTALION, BEDFORDSHIRE REGIMENT.

1914? YOU'VE BROUGHT ME TO A WORLD WAR I BATTLE?
I KNOW YOU DIDN'T WANT TO GO SEE MUM, BUT IS KILLING ME OFF REALLY AN OPTION?
DO YOU HEAR ANY GUNFIRE? NO.
THIS DAY'S KNOWN FOR MORE THAN BLOODSHED, YOU KNOW.


COME ON– IT'LL BE AN ADVENTURE!
ONE OF THESE DAYS, DOCTOR, YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE DEATH OF ME.

WELL, YOU'VE SEEN THE FUTURE, YOU'VE SEEN VICTORIAN CARDIFF...
...I JUST WANTED YOU TO SEE A LITTLE MORE OF YOUR PLANET'S HISTORY.
YEAH, ENOUGH OF THE "YOUR PLANET" TALK, OKAY?
I'VE TOLD YOU HOW THAT STILL CREEPS ME OUT.

HALT! FRIEND OR FOE?!
ARE WE FRIENDS OR FOES? I ALWAYS GET THOSE TWO CONFUSED.
IGNORE HIM, HE'S ALWAYS LIKE THIS. DRAMA QUEEN, THROUGH AND THROUGH.

BRIGADIER BAMBERA. MILITARY INTELLIGENCE. THIS IS MY ADJUTANT, MISS TYLER.
SORRY, SIR. DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE COMING, SIR.
WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?
CAPTAIN HARKNESS IS IN CHARGE, SIR, BUT HE'S NOT HERE AT THE MOMENT. HE WAS TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL.

HARKNESS? NEVER HEARD OF HIM.
MIRACLE HE SURVIVED, SIR. SHOT IN THE HEAD, BUT NOT A SCRATCH TO BE SEEN.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEAK TO SOMEONE ELSE? MAJOR DOBBS OF THE 7TH IS AROUND...

NOT REALLY. WE'RE HERE FOR THE MATCH.

WHO IN THE BLAZES IS THIS? AND WHAT IS A GIRL DOING IN THE TRENCHES?
BENTON, GO FIND YOUR CAPTAIN AND BRING HIM BACK HERE RIGHT NOW!
YES, SIR, MAJOR DOBBS!

OH, DON'T MIND US—WE'RE JUST WAITING.
WAITING? WAITING FOR WHAT?

INCOMING!

BOING

BOING
ACTUALLY, MAJOR...
...I WAS WAITING FOR THIS.

IS THAT-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S A FOOTBALL!
HOW DOES FRITZ HAVE THE TEMERITY TO PLAY WITH A BALL AT A TIME LIKE THIS?
IT'S CHRISTMAS DAY, MAJOR. WHEN ELSE WOULD THEY PLAY?

HEY, TOMMY! CAN WE HAVE OUR BALL BACK?!

DOCTOR, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THERE ARE SNIPERS...
...WILL YOU GET BACK DOWN HERE?!
TRUST ME, ROSE, I'M IN NO DANGER HERE.
I'M PROTECTED BY THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY.

HAVE YOU KNOWN THIS MAN LONG, MISS?
SOMETIMES IT FEELS LIKE TOO LONG. BUT LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT HE'LL DO WHATEVER HE WANTS.
AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE WANTS TO PLAY A GAME OF FOOTBALL.

YOU WANT YOUR BALL BACK? YOU'LL HAVE TO PLAY THEM FOR IT.
COME ON, CHOP-CHOP—SORT YOUR TEAM OUT!

THAT GOES FOR YOU AS WELL, DOBBS.
GET YOURSELF A TEAM!

NOW I WANT A GOOD, CLEAN MATCH. I'LL BE WATCHING YOU FOR ANY FOULS –
HOLD ON A MOMENT! WHO GIVES YOU THE AUTHORITY TO REFEREE THIS MATCH?

OH, DIDN'T I SHOW YOU? I'M ALSO A REFEREE FOR FIFA – THE FÉDÉRATION INTERNATIONALE DE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION. SEE?
OOH, CAN I BORROW THAT? CHEERS.

RIGHT THEN. LET'S PLAY A GAME!
FWEEET!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT.
I REALLY DON'T BELIEVE IT.

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BRIGADIER...
...BUT YOU'VE DONE SOMETHING MIRACULOUS TODAY. I JUST WISH IT'LL LAST LONGER.
YOU'LL GET ANOTHER DAY OR SO, AND THEN YOUR COMMAND WILL ARRIVE, DEMAND YOU START FIGHTING AGAIN.
THE GERMANS, TOO.

BUT FOR ONE DAY—ONE MAGICAL, MARVELOUS DAY—YOU GET TO HAVE A FANTASTIC CHRISTMAS.
THEY SAID IT'D BE OVER BY CHRISTMAS.
WELL, YOU'VE GOT A COUPLE MORE OF THOSE TO GO, I'M AFRAID.
JUST KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, RIGHT?

HARKNESS WILL BE SO ANNOYED THAT HE MISSED THIS.
PLEASANT TRIP BACK TO BATTALION HEADQUARTERS, SIR. I DON'T RECALL A BLUE DOOR BEING THERE BEFORE THOUGH.
POLICE

VWORP VWORP
WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW?!
BOX

LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY AFTER ALL.

WE TRAVELLED FOR A WHILE, YOU KNOW.
EVENTUALLY, SHE WAS TRAPPED IN A PARALLEL WORLD.
I LAST SPOKE TO HER IN BAD WOLF BAY, BEFORE THE SIGNAL WAS LOST.
BUT I DIDN'T, DID I? SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENED. I REMEMBER SEEING HER AGAIN.

GIVE IT TO ME.
GIVE WHAT TO YOU?
THE LAST ITEM.
AND THEN YOU CAN TELL ME WHO YOU ARE.
BECAUSE YOU SPEAK OF "REGENERATION" LIKE AN OLD MATE, AND THE MARTHA OF RIGHT NOW...
...WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT WAS.

I MEAN, COME ON–
–YOU DON'T NEED TO BE A BRAIN SURGEON TO KNOW SOMETHING'S OFF ABOUT THIS PLACE.
THE PSYCHIC PAPER JUST CONFIRMED IT.
AND THERE'S ENOUGH WIBBLY WOBBLY TIMEY WIMEY FLOUNCY BOUNCY STUFF AROUND TO GIVE A TIME LORD A HEADACHE.
SO GIVE ME THE FINAL ITEM– THE THIRD ONE–THE ITEM THAT I WOULD HAVE HAD IN FRONT OF MY MANNEQUIN.

YOU'VE HELPED ME REMEMBER MY PAST, NOW LET ME REMEMBER MY FUTURE.

A CHAMELEON ARCH.

RIGHT THEN. HERE WE GO.

"THERE'S SOMETHING ON YOUR *BACK*..."

"WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS RIGHT NOW–IS A *DOCTOR*..."

"YOUR REAL NAME IS *HIDDEN*. IT BURNS IN THE *STARS*, IN THE CASCADE OF MEDUSA HERSELF..."

"YOU SAY YOU'RE NOT A *SOLDIER*, AND YET HERE YOU ARE–DRAWING UP STRATEGIES LIKE A *PROPER GENERAL*..."

"EVERY NIGHT, DOCTOR, WHEN IT GETS DARK, AND THE STARS COME OUT, I'LL LOOK UP ON HER BEHALF. I'LL LOOK UP AT THE *SKY* AND THINK OF YOU..."

I–

–I REMEMBER *EVERYTHING*.

WE ESCAPED FROM THE *CRUCIBLE*.

YOU LEFT WITH *JACK*.

I TOOK DONNA BACK HOME–

–OH, *DONNA*, I'M SO *SORRY*.

JUST STAY *STRONG*, IT'LL PASS. YOU HAVE *ALL* YOUR MEMORIES NOW. AS DO *I*.

YOU'RE NOT *MARTHA*, MARTHA.

WHO OR *WHAT* ARE YOU?

WHY HAVE YOU BEEN *HELPING* ME?

YOU KNOW THINGS *NOBODY ELSE* DOES–KHAN'S CANE, REGENERATION...

I KNOW THESE THINGS BECAUSE EVERY CHILD OF TIME THAT HAS PASSED THROUGH MY DOORS SPEAKS OF THEM. I AM MADE FROM EVERY ONE OF THEM.
I AM YOUR MOST FAITHFUL COMPANION, AND YET I HAVE NEVER BEEN ONE.

BLIMEY! YOU'RE THE TARDIS?

OF COURSE YOU ARE!
WELL, THAT IS YOU'RE AN ARCHETYPE, A MANIFESTATION, CREATED BY THE TARDIS TO HELP ME!
THAT'S WHY YOU DIDN'T KNOW EVERYTHING, YOU LEARNED AS I DID!
BUT TO HELP ME—I MUST HAVE BEEN BROUGHT SOMEWHERE INSIDE THE TARDIS—SOME KIND OF VIRTUAL—
—NO, NO, NO.
I'M IN THE TARDIS MATRIX?

EXACTLY, MY DEAR DOCTOR. AND WE DO SO LOVE OUR ARCHETYPES, DON'T WE?
THE LAST GALLIFREYAN MATRIX IN EXISTENCE— AND IT'S ALL FOR YOU.
WELL, WHEN I SAY YOU—I REALLY MEAN US.

NO. IT CAN'T BE. YOU'RE GONE!
YOU WENT ACROSS TO THE OTHER WORLD! I LEFT YOU AT BAD WOLF BAY!

YOU SHOULD HAVE LEFT ME ON THE CRUCIBLE, DOCTOR. YOU SHOULD HAVE LEFT ME TO BURN WITH THE DALEKS.
BECAUSE YOU'RE IN MY WORLD NOW—AND I WANT YOU TO REGENERATE SO THAT I CAN TAKE YOUR REMAINING LIVES!
ONLY ONE OF US SURVIVES THIS TIME!
NEXT · REUNION